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# HYMNS

FOR

## Sunday Schools.

ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY, BY THEIR INITIAL  
LETTERS.

—•—  
BY THE LATE RICHARDSON GRAY, Esq.  
—•—

ELIZABETH-TOWN, (N. J.)  
PUBLISHED BY THE EXECUTORS OF THE DECEASED.

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1824.





## Advertisement.

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THE author of the following Poems, made provision in his will for their publication; but his representatives have not found it convenient, according to the tenour of his request, to comply with his injunction at an earlier day.

The friend into whose hands the papers of the author were put, has not felt himself justified in making any material alterations, except in the arrangement of some of the pieces.

Though the critic may, no doubt, find in some of these productions matter for the employment of his powers, it is hoped that the moral and pious feeling which they express, will protect them from the severity of his censure.

While they are presented to the public in compliance with the author's direction, they are not offered as specimens of the most lofty kind of poetry.—It is believed, however, that in many of them the devout reader will find his pious affections elevated towards the Author of all his blessings.—Among the hymns will be seen many adapted to the

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worship and the festivals and fasts observed in the Church to which the author was attached. In point of feeling and doctrine, it is presumed that they will not offend persons of any communion.—As intended to encourage moral and religious affections, they are committed to the public.

# Hymns for Sunday Schools,

Arranged alphabetically, by their initial letters.

---

## A.

ALMIGHTY Father! God of love!  
Look down in mercy from above;  
And teach our youthful lips to raise  
A hymn to thy immortal praise.

And give us grace to see and know  
The narrow way that leads from woe;  
And guide our erring footsteps right,  
That we may always take delight

To learn thy law, and it obey,  
And never from thy precepts stray,  
That we may tread the blissful road  
That leads to happiness and God.

---

## B.

Bright sun of righteousness arise,  
And spread thy light before our eyes,  
That we may learn to fear the Lord,  
While we are taught to read his word.

Let thy rich precepts ever spread  
A solemn awe and holy dread  
On the weak, young and tender mind—  
That we may ever be inclin'd

To listen with attentive care,  
And always strive to be sincere;  
And hearken to the sacred word,  
Which to our hearts will joy afford,

If we begin betimes to see  
 And tread the way that leads to thee—  
 The way that leads to happiness,  
 To be with saints and angels blest.

---

## C.

Childreu, your great Creator fear,  
 Now in your youthful prime ;  
 And make his ways your constant care,  
 In this accepted time.

For good and pleasant 'tis to see  
 The young their folly leave—  
 To good advice attentive be,  
 And to their learning cleave.

Come then ye lovely children, dear,  
 And listen to the voice  
 Of Wisdom, and instruction hear,  
 And make her ways your choice—

That when to riper age ye grow,  
 Ye may with pleasure view  
 The blissful road that leads from woe  
 Lay open wide for you.

---

## D.

*Teacher's Prayer.*

Dear Saviour, condescend to bless  
 The work of thine own hand ;  
 And crown our labours with success,  
 Which now thy aid demand.

To guide the young and tender mind  
 In ways of truth and grace,  
 That they may always be inclin'd  
 To run the Christian race.

And with attention to receive  
 The good and sacred truth ;

And always to true virtue cleave,  
Which make religious youth.

That when our zeal and care shall end,  
They may so happy be,  
As to behold the sinner's friend  
In blest eternity.

---

E.

Early in youth begin to learn  
The oracles of God ;  
And strive to walk in the same way  
Which all the saints have trod :

The way that leads to perfect peace  
And happiness above ;  
Where we may see our Saviour's face,  
And taste redeeming love.

Come then, and with a heart sincere  
Improve the offer'd grace ;  
And with a constant, zealous care  
His wonted love embrace.

For youth's the time to serve the Lord,  
And learn his holy will—  
To keep in mind his sacred law—  
His statute to fulfil :

That we may hear the joyful sound  
Of come ye blest away ;  
And with eternal life be crown'd  
In everlasting day.

---

F.

Father of mercy, condescend  
Thy children's prayer to hear ;  
And grant that they may now begin  
Thy holy name to fear.

Lord, give us grace to keep in mind  
The precepts of thy law,

That as we grow in age, we may  
 Sublime refreshment draw  
 From the rich fountain of thy love,  
 To help us on the road  
 That leads us through this wilderness,  
 To dwell on high with God:  
 There to behold his blissful face,  
 And bow before his throne;  
 To praise him for his boundless love,  
 Who did such children own.

---

G.

Great God, how great thy mercies are  
 To us, who are thy constant care.  
 O give us grace and strength to know  
 That from thy hand all blessings flow.  
 And let our hearts expand with joy,  
 That to thy praise we may employ  
 A small proportion of our days  
 In setting forth thy glorious praise.  
 For good and pleasant 'tis to see  
 The youth and children all agree  
 To praise the God of earth and heaven,  
 Who to the sons of men hath given  
 A heart to aid the helpless youth  
 Who wish to learn the ways of truth—  
 To guide them in the blissful way  
 That leads to everlasting day.

---

H.

Hosanna to the King of kings,  
 Who to the world salvation brings,  
 And to the sons of men hath shown  
 That little children are his own.  
 Come then, ye lovely children, dear,  
 And now begin the Lord to fear;

That you with joy his face may see,  
And with the Lord forever be:

There to behold the great I Am,  
And humbly bow before the Lamb—  
The God of love there to adore,  
And praise his name forevermore.

---

I.

In time of youth begin  
To walk in wisdom's ways;  
And leave the paths of death and sin,  
The God of love to praise.

Who by his constant care  
Doth keep us safe from harm,  
That we his holy name may fear,  
And all his precepts learn.

That we by grace divine  
His lovely face may view,  
And with the angels there to shine,  
And worship with them too,

When we arrive at home,  
To mansions in the sky,  
And drink at the refreshing stream  
That never will run dry.

---

J.

Jehovah reigns supreme on high,  
And doth his children's wants supply  
From day to day, with needful food,  
And all things else that he sees good:

The good to learn and know the road  
That leads to happiness and God;  
The good to know, to feel, and prove  
The merit of redeeming love.

Then come and trust upon the Lord,  
Who doth to us his help afford,



And will hereafter more bestow,  
If in his sacred ways we go—  
The good old way the saints have trod,  
Which led them to the throne of God—  
The way of perfect peace and rest,  
To be with saints and angels blest.

---

## K.

King of the saints and Prince of peace,  
Stretch forth thy mighty arm,  
And grant that all the rising race  
May thy just precepts learn.

That they to others may make known  
The riches of thy grace—  
That they with fervent zeal may strive  
All to behold thy face :

And bow before thy lofty throne  
With wonder and delight,  
To see the glory of the Lamb  
Through his refulgent light,

That shines with a resplendent blaze  
Through all the courts above ;  
On which the saints and angels gaze  
With undiminish'd love.

---

## L.

Look down, O Lord, on us below,  
And give us grace to see and know  
The sacred way of righteousness,  
That leads to perfect joy and peace.

Where we may rest and comfort find  
To ease the troubles of the mind,  
And open to our ravish'd sight  
A scene of comfort and delight :

Which then will open to our view,  
If we by grace are carried through

The many snares that lead astray,  
We may with joy and comfort say,  
Lo at the seat of mercy now  
Thy needy children humbly bow,  
Imploring grace now to be given  
To guide us in the way to heaven.

---

## M.

My God, how great thy mercies are  
To us from day to day ;  
For we have been thy constant care  
Through youth's bewilder'd way.  
Thy mighty hand and outstretch'd arm  
Hath been our strength and stay,  
To keep our erring feet from harm,  
Lest we should go astray,  
And lose the narrow path of peace,  
That leads us to thy rest ;  
Where all our cares and sorrows cease,  
To be forever blest.  
O may we then so happy be,  
When time shall be no more,  
The glories of thy face to see,  
To worship and adore.

---

## N.

Now, in your youthful prime,  
Begin to serve the Lord,  
Who lengthens out your precious time  
To insure the rich reward,  
Which is laid up in store  
For all who will embrace  
And strive to find the sacred Door  
That leads to truth and grace :  
The Door that from above  
Came down and dwelt below,

And did his boundless grace and love  
On sinful man bestow.

This Door is open still  
To all that seek the way  
Which leads to Zion's happy hill,  
Their offerings there to pay,

And bow before the Lamb,  
To worship and adore  
The Framers of this glorious plan,  
Which doth lost man restore.

---

O.

*Teacher's Prayer.*

O Lord, vouchsafe to own and bless  
Our zeal and constant care ;  
And aid this work of righteousness,  
That it may now appear

Most lovely to the youthful mind,  
And cause them to embrace  
The ways of happiness, and find  
And fear the Saviour's face.

That they with joy may seek the prize  
Which is laid up above  
With Christ, who will their wants supply,  
And crown them with his love,

If they the wayward path forsake,  
And strive, with fervent zeal,  
To enter in at the strait gate,  
And their salvation seal

With the rich blood that freely flow'd  
To wash their guilt away,  
And bring them to the seat of God,  
Their homage there to pay,

And lowly bow before the throne,  
To worship and adore  
The Lamb of God, who will them own ;  
Who lives forevermore.

## P.

Praise, O my soul, the living Lord,  
Who doth to us his help afford,  
And will our every need supply,  
If on his aid we do rely.

Come then, and never be afraid,  
But let your mind on him be staid ;  
For he is good, and always near,  
His needy children's prayer to hear.

And all who on his help depend,  
Will find in him a constant friend,  
To give relief in time of need,  
Who doth the hungry raven feed.

Then will he not of us take care,  
If we in time begin to fear  
For to offend the God of grace,  
But humbly bow before his face ?

And with the saints on earth begin  
To shun the road of death and sin,  
That we may join with them on high,  
To praise our God above the sky.

## Q.

Quicken our drowsy powers, O Lord !  
That we to life may be restor'd—  
The life and light of gospel grace,  
To guide us in the Christian race :

And with a fervent zeal pursue  
The race till Canaan's land we view ;  
Where the rich prize is kept in store  
For us, and for ten thousand more :

Who with true wisdom strive to gain  
This prize, which doth above remain,  
For all who seek for it aright,  
And in the ways of God delight :

Who keep the strait and narrow way,  
 And God's commandments still obey,  
 Shall mount with joy above the skies,  
 And there receive the glorious prize.

---

R.

Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,  
 But then reflect and know  
 How it's explain'd in sacred truth—  
 A day of judgment too.

When all the nations of the world  
 Before the Judge must stand:  
 Some to perdition will be hurl'd—  
 Some set at his right hand.

Come then ye young, while in your prime,  
 And choose the latter place;  
 For now is the accepted time—  
 Ye may secure the grace:

And with delight and rapture fly  
 Far from this earthly clod,  
 To the bright mansions of the sky,  
 To dwell with Christ in God.

---

S.

Saviour, the Son of God and man,  
 Who did devise the wond'rous plan  
 For to redeem a ruin'd race,  
 Through the rich offers of thy grace;

Which are so large, so full, and free,  
 That all who will may taste and see  
 The love of Christ, the Lamb of God,  
 Who hath his Father's wine-press trod:

That all his saints may feel and prove  
 The fullness of the Saviour's love,  
 Who hath the ransom fully paid,  
 By the rich sacrifice he made

To give the heavy laden rest,  
 And ease the troubles of their breast,  
 That they by grace may soar above,  
 And prove the merit of his love :

Which issues from the Father's throne  
 On all who will the Saviour own ;  
 And they who will his love embrace,  
 In heaven shall see him face to face.

---

T.

The Lord, who fram'd the earth from nought  
 And fashion'd feeble man,  
 Hath to the world salvation brought,  
 By a most wond'rous plan.

His only Son did condescend  
 To dwell with us below,  
 And show'd himself the sinner's friend,  
 That they his ways might know :

And learn to do his holy will,  
 And in his footsteps tread,  
 To gain the heights of Zion's hill,  
 Which to his presence lead.

Where we may see the tree of life,  
 And taste the fruit divine,  
 When we with holy zeal and strife  
 With saints and angels join.

---

U.

Up to the Lord we lift our eyes,  
 And bow with holy fear ;  
 For he our every want supplies,  
 And doth of us take care.

His mighty hand our feeble clay  
 Did fashion here below ;  
 Then brought us forth to see the way  
 In which we ought to go.

When in the wayward path of youth  
 Our footsteps slip aside,  
 He'll bring us in the way of truth,  
 And still will be our guide,  
 To keep us in the sacred ways  
 Of holiness and peace ;  
 To see the bright, refulgent rays  
 Of joys that never cease.

---

V.

Victorious King, thy banners spread,  
 To shield thy loyal subjects' head,  
 In time of danger or distress,  
 Against the foes who them molest.  
 And lead them through their conflict here,  
 And make them valiantly appear  
 To fight the fight of faith, and show  
 That they the way to victory know,  
 With such a leader at their side,  
 Who doth their arms to conquest guide,  
 And will support his veterans through  
 Ten legions of their hostile foe.  
 Come then, and join this valiant band,  
 And force your way to Canaan's land,  
 Through this dark land of sin and woes,  
 To that where milk and honey flows,  
 In New Jerusalem on high,  
 Where the rich streams will never dry,  
 But flow in a perpetual flood,  
 From underneath the throne of God ;  
 For to refresh the weary soul,  
 When it obtains the blissful goal  
 In the fair mansions of the Lamb,  
 Who brought about this mighty plan  
 For to redeem a ruin'd race,  
 That they may see their Father's face,  
 In the delightful courts above,  
 To taste and see that God is love.

## W.

With constant and religious care,  
Let all who fear the Lord,  
Join to instruct the youth to fear  
And know his holy word :

The word of life, and peace, and truth,  
Which God to man hath given,  
To guide the wayward steps of youth  
In paths that lead to heaven.

Come then, and show to them the way  
To happiness above ;  
That they may never go astray,  
But seek to know and prove

The merit of the Saviour's blood,  
Which for their sins was spilt,  
To reconcile an angry God,  
And wash their souls from guilt :

That when from earth we are set free,  
May we be counted meet  
At God's right hand our charge to see,  
And worship at his feet.

## Y.

Young and needy still we be :  
Now, O Lord, we come to thee ;  
And on thee for help rely,  
Who can all our wants supply.

We have been thy constant care,  
And thy aid is always near,  
To assist us in the way  
To a bright, refulgent day :

Where we may, with joy sublime,  
With our benefactors join,  
For to praise redeeming grace,  
And with rapture see the face



Of the King who reigns on high,  
 Far above the vaulted sky,  
 There to join in hymns divine,  
 And with saints and angels shine.

---

Z.

Zealously strive with constant care  
 The great Jehovah's name to fear;  
 And let your steady practice be  
 With his commandments to agree :

That while ye sojourn here below,  
 Ye may a bright example show,  
 And with a firm and steady course,  
 The precepts of your Lord enforce :

That all the rising race may know  
 The way in which they ought to go;  
 And shun the ways of death and sin,  
 And now to know the Lord begin :

To learn and do his holy will,  
 And all his statutes to fulfil,  
 That they with joy may taste and see  
 That sovereign grace is rich and free

For all who it in time embrace,  
 And seek to see the Saviour's face;  
 Who fix their hopes on things above,  
 To feel and prove redeeming love :

And join the choir on high to sing  
 Salvation to our God and King;  
 Who in his holy word hath given  
 His saints the promis'd rest of heaven.

## **Hymns for various occasions.**



### *An Escape from Danger.*

Written at the conclusion of a letter to the author's father and brethren, the day after the battle of Long-Island, (August 17, 1775,) in which he wonderfully escaped; being the first poetry he ever attempted.

**THEN** in the Lord I'll put my trust,  
And on his name will call;  
For he's a safe Deliverer  
From sword, famine, or ball.

**He** hears their prayers, when sinners call  
On his most holy name,  
And gives them safe deliverance  
From trouble or from pain.

**He** is a God of grace and love  
To all that in him trust;  
**He** hears the prayers and dries the tears  
Of the upright and just.

**Therefore**, my brethren, don't forget,  
When you in trouble fall,  
**There** is a God that will you hear,  
When on him you do call.

**All** for the glory of his name,  
This contest is began;  
**To** let us know there is a God,  
Who rules the sons of men.

**He** brings us to the field to fight,  
Before our treacherous foe;  
**Then** brings us to our camps, where he  
Protects us as we go.

Therefore, on his almighty arm  
 For help I will depend ;  
 Who by his mighty rod and staff  
 Is able to defend.

---

*On the death of Miss Betsey Hatfield, who died March  
 10th, 1786, in the 16th year of her age.*

Ye old, ye young, ye giddy, and ye gay,  
 Death's fatal tribute you must shortly pay ;  
 And be with this, this dear departed maid,  
 In the cold caverns of the grave be laid.

Betsey the fair, the innocent and young,  
 'Tis she's the subject of my mournful song.  
 She's gone, she's gone, alas ! she is no more—  
 She's gone, and thus our loss we do deplore.

Oh cruel Death ! why didst thou aim thy dart  
 'Thus for to wound her young, her tender heart !  
 Why didst thou thus this harmless youth destroy—  
 Bereft her friends of their expected joy ?

But why should we complain, why should we grieve?  
 She doth a world of numerous troubles leave—  
 She leaves her trouble, sorrow, care and pain :  
 Our loss, we trust, is her eternal gain.

---

### *A Death-Bed Hymn.*

Composed on the former occasion, one or two nights before her death.

Ye thoughtless, young and giddy youth,  
 Come, view my state, and see  
 How frail we are ! Unerring truth—  
 You soon in dust must be.

Behold me languishing with pains,  
 Upon this bed of woe :  
 See, see my tortur'd soul remains,  
 And yet it strives to go.

It strives to leave this lump of clay,  
 And all that's rich or great,

And mount aloft to endless day,  
 To a more perfect state :  
 There to behold my God and King,  
 And join the heavenly throng—  
 The praises of his name to sing,  
 In an angelic song.

*A Christmas Hymn.*

Isaiah ix. 6, 7.

Rejoice! for unto us is born  
 A Child—to us is given  
 The Son of God, come from above,  
 To make us heirs of heaven.  
 The government, with mighty power,  
 His shoulders shall sustain ;  
 And Wonderful shall he be call'd—  
 Great Counsellor his name.  
 The mighty God, the Prince of peace,  
 The Prince of peace and love,  
 The everlasting Father's Son  
 Hath left his seat above,  
 For to increase his government,  
 And peace on earth to give—  
 Peace that forever shall remain  
 To all who justly live.  
 Upon his Father's throne shall he  
 From age to age remain—  
 With justice and with equity  
 His sovereign will proclaim.

*Birth Day Hymn, at 40 years.*

What shall I render to my God  
 For his great love to me—  
 For all the blessings I enjoy  
 In such a great degree ?  
 His wisdom first my nature form'd  
 In secret here below,

And call'd me forth this day to birth,  
His precepts for to know.

Guarded by his sustaining care,  
My infant days I pass'd :  
Also my youthful days by him  
In peaceful lots were cast.

As then to manhood state I came,  
The cares of life began ;  
And with those cares my weeks and months,  
And years on swiftly ran.

But through all these revolving years,  
With blessings I was crown'd :  
In health and peace, from year to year,  
My happy years went round.

Thus I, by his protecting care,  
My two score years have past :  
O may my happy lot in heaven,  
When years are done, be cast.

---

*A New Year Hymn.*

Come, let us join with one accord,  
To raise our voice, and sing  
Praises to our Almighty Lord,  
Our sovereign Judge and King :

Who hath our lives, from day to day,  
With num'rous favours blest ;  
That we may tread the sacred way  
That leads us to his rest.

From week to week his mercies still  
Our feeble frame doth stay,  
That we may press towards Zion's hill,  
To a more perfect day.

Thus, kept by his almighty arm,  
Month after month pass by ;  
And we are sav'd from death's alarm ;  
And who can tell for why ?

Why are we thus, from year to year,  
Kept safe from grim Death's power?  
Why are we thus preserved here,  
But to revere him more?

Thus, by his all-sustaining care,  
Our time hath past away,  
To the approach of the new year—  
Then let us sing and pray:

Pray for his mercies still to last,  
While we do here remain;  
And as our fleeting time goes past,  
Sing praises to his name.

And when our years shall here be run,  
May we be counted meet  
To set in glory with the Son,  
And worship at his feet.

---

*Composed on hearing the first bell ring for the funeral  
of James Oliver, who died suddenly, Dec. 22, 1809,  
in the 30th year of his age.*

Alas, alas, what do I hear?  
The knell of death assails my ear!  
And who's the victim, who can tell?  
Who is the victim that hath fell?  
Ah now I hear the people say,  
A youth is quickly snatch'd away—  
A youth in health and prime of life,  
Snatch'd from his children and his wife,  
And from his aged parents too,  
And left their hearts o'erwhelm'd with woe.  
And we are summon'd to attend  
The last remains of this our friend,  
To the cold mansions of the dead,  
Where we must shortly all be laid.  
Therefore with strict attention view  
The place prepar'd for me and you;  
And let this call a warning be  
To young and old, to you and me.

Therefore let us improve this call,  
 As it's a warning to us all,  
 To be prepar'd to meet our doom,  
 At the approach of the Bridegroom—  
 That we may hear his cheerful voice,  
 Come in, my friends, you are my choice;  
 Enjoy the prize your virtue won,  
 And sit in glory with the Son.

*Composed on Sunday, March 24, 1811, at the close of  
 a severe thunder shower.*

Behold, behold a cloud arise—  
 It darkens o'er the western skies.  
 Hark, the fierce wind, how loud it blows;  
 The rain in copious showers flows.

See, see the livid lightning's glare—  
 Hear the loud thunder rend the air—  
 Hark, hark, the awful peal, how great—  
 It makes the very earth to quake.

Tremble, ye mortals, and adore  
 The sovereign Lord, of matchless power.  
 When on the stormy wind he rides,  
 Swift through the air his chariot glides.

Its wheels sometimes they roll so loud,  
 As if they're bursting through the cloud:  
 Again they seem more mild to roll,  
 Which does not terrify the soul.

Then should not mortal man confess  
 His wond'rous love, his boundless grace,  
 That when his thunder rends the air,  
 He doth them still in mercy spare?

*A Hymn for Good Friday.*

Matthew xxvii, 46.

Awake, my soul, rise up and see  
 Thy bleeding Lord on Calvary!  
 Ascend the mount, and hear him cry  
*Eli lama sabachthani!*

The Lamb of God\* was slain this day,  
To take our guilt and sin away—  
This day he suffer'd on the tree†—  
He dies, he dies, for you and me.

Oh wond'rous and stupendous love !  
The Son of God came from above—  
He comes, he comes, to shed his blood,  
To make us, sinners, sons of God.‡

Then let us now commemorate  
The love of Christ, which was so great  
To us, unworthy and undone,  
That we in him might be made one.§

Thus he for us bath sin been made||—  
For us he hath the ransom paid :¶  
Then let this day, with holy fear,  
Be kept with solemn fast and prayer.

*A Hymn on meeting for public worship.*

Lord, in thy courts we now appear,  
And bow before thy throne.  
Before our lips begin to move,  
Our wants to thee are known.

In thy great name, O Lord, we come  
To worship at thy feet :  
O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
On all that now shall meet.

Prostrate before the throne of grace,  
Great God, to thee we bow  
Upon our knees, to pray and praise :  
In mercy hear us now.

This house with grace and glory fill—  
This congregation bless—  
Thy great salvation now reveal—  
Thy glorious righteousness.

\* John i, 29. Rev. v, 12.

† Acts v, 30.

‡ 1 John iii, 1.

§ John xvii, 21.

|| 2 Cor. v, 21,

¶ 1 Tim. ii, 6.



*A Hymn for a charitable Collection.*

Come all who love this sacred place,  
And worship here the God of grace,  
Here let your light be made to shine,\*  
And glorify the Lord divine.

If God hath blest you in your store,  
It is but lent, to give the more;  
That you may treasure gain above;  
For God a cheerful giver loves.†

But should you not so wealthy be,  
Give what you can, not grudgingly;  
For God such offerings well approves,  
And he a cheerful giver loves.

Then lay not up your glittering dust  
On earth, where moth and rust corrupt;‡  
But lay your treasures up above,  
Where God will crown you with his love.

*A Charity Hymn.*

Composed for the use of the Female Humane Society of Elizabeth-Town, and sung at the Presbyterian Church, 1812.

Come all who love this holy place,  
And worship here the God of grace,  
Here let your light be made to shine,§  
And glorify the Lord divine.

How blest is he whose bowels move  
With pity and with sacred love,||  
To aid the poor in deep distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

Behold the objects of your care,  
Who now before your eyes appear,  
And let your sympathetic heart  
For their relief a mite impart.

If God hath blest you in your store,  
It is but lent to give the more,

\* Matt. v, 16.

† 2 Cor. ix, 7.

‡ Matt. vi, 19, 20.

§ Matt. v, 16.

|| Prov. xix, 17.

That you may gain true wealth above.  
 God doth a cheerful giver love.\*

But should you not so wealthy be,  
 Give what you can, not grudgingly.  
 Our God such offerings well approves;  
 For he a cheerful giver loves.

Hoard not on earth your glitt'ring dust,  
 To be consum'd by moth and rust;†  
 But lay your treasure up above,  
 Where God will crown you with his love.

How blest is he whose bowels move  
 With charity and sacred love.  
 God will his deeds of love repay  
 With life and everlasting day.‡

How blest is he whose bowels move  
 With pity and with sacred love,  
 To aid the poor in deep distress,  
 The widow and the fatherless.

---

*Composed to be sung 4th July, 1812.*

The Lord the God of armies reigns—  
 His rule omnipotence sustains:  
 In robes of majesty array'd,  
 He guides the world his hands have made.

Ere rolling worlds began to move,  
 Thy awful throne was fix'd above;  
 Or ere the heavens were stretch'd abroad,  
 From everlasting thou art God.

Thy mighty arm did safely lead  
 Thy servant Abraham's chosen seed,  
 From Egypt's land to Canaan's shore,  
 Where they could serve thee evermore.

Our fathers too thy mighty hand  
 Did safely guide to this fair land;  
 Where peace and plenty blest their toi'  
 Till foreign wars their labours foil.

\* 2 Cor. ix, 7.

† Matt, vi, 19, 20.

‡ 1 Tim. v

But still on thee our hopes depend :  
 O let thy mighty arm defend  
 This happy land, which thou hast given,  
 The fairest antepast of heaven.

But since thy judgments are abroad,  
 O let thy hand withhold the rod ;  
 And let the noise of war no more  
 Disturb this happy, happy shore.

Then shall our cheerful voices raise  
 Loud hymns to thy eternal praise ;  
 And shout hosannas to thy name,  
 And to our sons thy works proclaim.

---

*A New Year Hymn.*

From Psalm lxxv, 12, 13, 14.—Sung at the Methodist Church, Jan.  
 1, 1813.

How boundless are the gifts of heaven,  
 God to the sons of men hath given—  
 So vast, so wide, so wond'rous great,  
 No mortal can enumerate.

Then should we not begin this year  
 With sacred love and holy fear ;  
 And to his holy temple haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past ?

Behold our land from east to west,  
 From north to south with plenty blest—  
 The valleys and the hills adorn'd  
 With plenteous fruit and ripen'd corn.

God hath the year with goodness crown'd,  
 And spread his richest blessings round :  
 Through all the land his bounties spring,  
 Which make the valleys shout and sing.

Then should not man strive to agree  
 With hills and vales in harmony ;  
 And lift his grateful heart to praise  
 God's name, who lengthens out our days ?

To see the dawn of this new year—  
 In health and strength far to appear  
 Before his mercy seat once more,  
 His holy name for to adore?

Then raise your cheerful voice to sing  
 Great praise to our almighty King,  
 Who to the sons of men hath given  
 On earth an antepast of heaven.

### *A Hymn*

Composed for the Female Benevolent Society of Elizabeth-Town, and  
 sung at the Methodist Church, Feb. 7, 1813.

How good and pleasant 'tis to see  
 Our matrons with our maids agree  
 To aid the orphan, helpless poor  
 From the abundance of their store?

To keep them from the misled way,  
 In which too oft they go astray;  
 And teach their tender minds to know  
 The God from whom all blessings flow?

Blest is the man whose bounteous eyes  
 The needy poor with bread supplies :\*  
 He shall receive a rich reward  
 Of threefold blessings from the Lord.

Come then, and let us all unite  
 To aid the cause, put in a mite,  
 And from the poor turn not away,  
 For God your offerings will repay.†

The lib'ral soul shall dwell at ease,‡  
 And see his fertile land increase,  
 Which God doth water from above,  
 Because he show'd the poor his love.

Thus blest is he whose bounteous eyes  
 The needy poor with bread supplies :  
 He shall receive a rich reward  
 Of threefold blessings from the Lord.

\* Prov, xxii, 9,

† Tobit iv, 17,

‡ Prov, xi, 25,

Behold, behold these orphans stand,  
 Craving assistance from your hand :  
 Then turn within, and ask your heart  
 If you cannot a mite impart

To save them from impending wo,  
 Teach them the God of grace to know,  
 And lead them up in wisdom's ways,  
 That they through you may give him praise ?

Blest is the man whose lib'ral heart  
 Doth to the poor his bread impart.  
 God will increase his bread below,  
 And endless life on him bestow.

---

*A Charity Hymn.*

From Matthew xxv, 34—41.—Sung at the Methodist Church, Jan.  
 29, 1815.

Come, come, and let us all attend  
 To the Redeemer's voice :  
 Here he doth show who are his friends :  
 Then make his ways your choice.

That you may hear the joyful sound  
 Of come, ye blest, away ;  
 And with eternal life be crown'd,  
 In everlasting day.

When I with hunger was oppress'd,  
 You fed me from your board :  
 With thirst I pin'd, in deep distress—  
 Then you did drink afford.

A stranger too, of friends bereft—  
 Your pity took me in :  
 Naked I was, expos'd, and left ;  
 Which did your mercy win.

When sick and overwhelm'd with wo,  
 To me you visits paid ;  
 And in my grief did mercy show,  
 And gave me timely aid.

In prison too I was confin'd,  
 My heart o'erwhelm'd with grief—  
 Your sympathy partook with mine—  
 You came to my relief.

The righteous then shall answer, Lord,  
 When did we ever see  
 Thee in distress, and help afford,  
 Or mercy show'd to thee?

The King then spake, and thus he said:  
 When you my brethren see  
 Distress'd, forlorn, and give them aid,  
 You do it unto me.

Such sacrifice our God doth prize,\*  
 And will forever bless  
 Those offerings paid, the poor to aid,  
 And help the fatherless.

---

*A Hymn on the Restoration of Peace, Feb. 20, 1815.*

Hail happy land, sweet peace once more  
 Hath beam'd upon thy fertile shore.  
 Come then, and let us all rejoice,  
 And join to raise our cheerful voice  
 To praise the God of peace and love,  
 Who sends such blessings from above;  
 And doth by his almighty word,  
 In sunder break the "spear and sword."†

The warlike horse and rider now  
 Doth quit the fight, the soil to plough;  
 And from the noise of war doth cease,  
 To dwell in harmony and peace.

Come then, and lift your voices high  
 To God, who reigns above the sky;  
 Who to the sons of men hath given  
 Those greatest, richest gifts of heaven.

\* Hebrews xiii, 16.

† Psalm lxxvi, 3.

*A Hymn for the General Thanksgiving, April 13,  
1815.*

Sung at the Methodist Church.

Glory to the great God on high,  
Who bow'd his gracious ear,  
And heard his people's fervent cry,  
And sav'd them from their fear :  
And bid the noise of war to cease,  
Through all our happy land ;  
And hush'd the jarring world to peace,  
By his almighty hand.

Great things for us the Lord hath done.\*  
O come, and let us raise  
A grateful song, with heart and tongue,  
With joy to sing his praise.

This day lift up your heart and voice,  
And join, with one accord,  
In hymns of praise, for to rejoice,  
And praise our sovereign Lord :

Who, by his own almighty will,  
Hath dried our country's tear ;  
And bid the murd'ring sword be still,  
And broke the glittering spear.

To generations yet unborn  
This goodness we'll proclaim ;  
That they may fear and trust the Lord,  
And praise his holy name.

---

*A Hymn,*

Sung at the Methodist Church, when the collection was made for the  
benefit of the Female Humane Society, Dec. 10, 1815.

Father of mercies ! God of love !  
Send down thy Spirit from above,  
To warm each frozen heart ;  
That we may feel each other's wo,  
And to the poor some kindness show,  
And to their wants impart

\* Psalm cxxvi, 4,

A small proportion of our store,  
 To aid the fatherless and poor,  
 And widow's heart to cheer ;  
 Who sits in sorrow, full of grief—  
 Your timely aid may bring relief,  
 And wipe away the tear.

Then let your hearts and hands unite,  
 And cheerfully bestow your mite,  
 To aid them in distress :  
 For bless'd is he whose lib'ral heart  
 Doth to the poor his bread impart,  
 And helps the fatherless.

Come then, and now your aid afford ;  
 For what you give, you lend the Lord ;  
 Who is well pleas'd to see  
 Those offerings that you now bestow,  
 To cheer the heart, o'erwhelm'd with wo,  
 With acts of charity.

How blest are they whose hearts do move  
 With pity, charity, and love,  
 And feel for other's wo.  
 Their acts of love will God repay  
 With heaven's refulgent, brightest day,  
 And endless life bestow.

---

*A Birth-Day Hymn, at 60 years. Written June 5, 1814.*

Break forth, my soul, in songs of praise  
 To God, whose mighty power  
 Hath thus prolong'd thy fleeting days  
 To this important hour.

'Tis three score years since first I drew  
 My feeble infant breath.  
 The Lord in mercy kept me through  
 Surrounding shafts of death.

His mighty arm did safely guide  
 My footsteps, as I grew ;  
 And when he saw me tread aside,  
 His mercy kept me through.



From day to week, from month to year,  
His mercies, ever new,  
Did, by his all-sustaining care,  
Support and guide me through.

The three score years that I have seen,  
How many, yet how few,  
And full of evil have they been :  
But still he led me through.

Then let me now implore his grace,  
To keep my end in view ;  
That I may see my Saviour's face,  
Who thus hath kept me through.

That when I come to Jordan's brink,  
To bid this world adieu,  
His mercy may not let me sink,  
But keep me safely through ;

And guide me over the cold flood,  
To Canaan's happy shore,  
To prove the purchase of his blood,  
And praise him evermore.

---

*A New Year Hymn, 1816.*

O God of love ! thy constant care  
Hath safely brought us through the year.  
Assist our feeble voice to raise  
A hymn to thy immortal praise.

For thou, O God, hath been our stay,  
And kept us safe, from day to day,  
From death's alarm and every fear,  
To the approach of this new year.

Then let us all begin this day  
To lift our hearts and hands to pray,  
That God will still vouchsafe his care,  
And keep us safe throughout this year.

And be our guide, our strength, and stay,  
To keep us in the narrow way—

The King's highway of righteousness,  
That leads to everlasting bliss.

That when on earth our years are o'er,  
We all may meet on Canaan's shore—  
Before thy radiant throne appear,  
To keep a new sabbatic year;

And join the ransom'd choir above,  
To celebrate redeeming love,  
That brought us to his people's rest,  
To be with them forever blest.

---

*A Funeral Hymn.*

Oh, what a tender, silken thread  
Supports our mortal frame !  
To day we're healthy, hale and strong—  
To-morrow full of pain.

Some sore disease doth quick assail  
This tenement of clay ;  
And death, with unrelenting heart,  
His dreadful dart doth sway.

Then we consume and die away,  
And vanish like the smoke ;  
And all our bustle, care and toil  
Ends at death's fatal stroke.

Behold, behold a witness here  
Of this unerring truth.  
Then let this be a call to all,  
The aged and the youth :

That so in time you are prepar'd,  
Before the stroke is given,  
To leave this world of sin and wo,  
And mount with joy to heaven.

*A Hymn,*

Sung after a collection for the benefit of the Female Charitable Institution, Dec. 29, 1816.

O praise the God of earth and heaven,  
Who to the sons of men hath given  
A heart to feel for others' wo,  
And to their wants all kindness show.

On all our benefactors, Lord,  
Thy richest blessings now afford ;  
And fill their souls with thy rich grace,  
That they may see thee, face to face.

For they the widow's cause doth own,  
And to the poor have mercy shown—  
The helpless orphan now doth share  
A portion of their tender care.

When wandering in the wayward road  
That leads from happiness and God,  
Your friendly aid you did afford,  
And we are taught to read God's word.

O give us grace to learn thy will,  
And all thy statutes to fulfil ;  
That we may share, among the blest,  
A portion of thy people's rest:

And with our benefactors meet  
In heaven, around thy mercy seat ;  
And join the heavenly choir above,  
In hymns of everlasting love.

*A Table Hymn.*

Come, let us now, with one accord,  
Join to adore our sovereign Lord ;  
Whose hand provides our daily bread,  
And hath this board with plenty spread,

For to support our feeble frame :  
O then give glory to his name,  
And lift your hearts to God above,  
For all his mercies, grace and love.

*A Hymn,*

Composed to be sung in the Methodist Church, on Sunday evening, Dec. 29, 1816, before the collection was made for the benefit of the Female Humane Society.—Taken from Eccles. ix, 1, 2, 6.

Come, hear what the wise preacher said :  
Upon the waters cast thy bread,  
And after many days thou'lt see  
Thy bread again return to thee.

Come then, and let your lib'ral heart  
A portion to the poor impart ;  
And let these children's poverty  
Move you to acts of charity.

In need of your protecting care,  
To soothe their grief and dry the tear,  
Oh give relief to the distress  
Of widows, poor and fatherless.

And in the morning sow thy seed  
Of alms, of which they stand in need :  
At evening too thy hand extend,  
And show thyself these children's friend.

For good and pleasant 'tis to see  
Your acts of love and charity ;  
And may the alms you oft have given,  
Meet with a sure reward in heaven.

---

*On the death of Mrs. Winans, who was killed by lightning.*

Great God, thy thunders, how they roar—  
Thy lightning flashes round :  
The peals are spread from shore to shore—  
From east to west resound.

From north to south, from south to north,  
Thy thunders do still roll.  
How terrible do they come forth,  
And spread from pole to pole.

D

The sturdy oak must bow his head—  
 The hills tremble and quake.  
 Nations at once thou can strike dead,  
 And bands of Hymen break.

No earthly power can e'er withstand  
 The orders thou dost give :  
 While some must die by thy command,  
 Others suffer'd are to live.

One soul, it flies to worlds unknown,  
 Where we've no right to trace :  
 The other, left on earth alone,  
 Bewailing in distress.

But Lord, thy grace we must confess,  
 And homage freely pay :  
 Thou art the Author of our bliss,  
 And blessings day by day.

O give us, Lord, the power to know  
 And rightly hear thy word ;  
 And let us to thy sceptre bow,  
 And learn to fear the Lord.

*A Christmas Hymn.*

From St. Luke ii, 9—15.

With loud hosannas hail this morn—  
 This all-auspicious day :  
 For, lo, a Saviour, Christ, is born,  
 The herald angels say.

Fear not, ye shepherds, for, behold,  
 Good tidings now I bring ;  
 Which priests and prophet's song foretold  
 Of Zion's infant King.

At Bethlehem the Babe you'll find,  
 And laying in a manger ;  
 Because no room they there could find  
 For this celestial stranger,

And suddenly there did appear  
 A bright angelic throng ;

Who strove to soothe the shepherds' fear  
By this enrapt'ring song :

All glory be to God above,  
And peace on earth be given—  
Good will and everlasting love  
Descends to man from heaven.

*A Hymn for the General Thanksgiving, Jun. 1, 1818.*

May every soul who now doth meet  
Before Jehovah's mercy seat,  
Join in a hymn of grateful praise  
To God, who lengthens out our days :

Who by his kind, paternal care,  
Hath brought us safely through the year ;  
And hath with his almighty hand,  
With peace and plenty bless'd our land.

Come then, and let us now rejoice,  
And lift our hearts and raise our voice,  
To praise the God of boundless love,  
Who sends such blessings from above :

And hath with num'rous mercies crown'd  
The fleeting years, as they roll round ;  
And still supports our feeble clay  
From year to year, from day to day.

Who now hath kindly brought us here,  
To hail the dawn of this new year ;  
To praise him for his favours past,  
And pray that they may ever last.

That when our time shall be no more,  
We all may meet on Canaan's shore,  
And bow before the great I AM,  
And shout salvation to the Lamb.

*A Thanksgiving.*

Great God, how boundless is thy love,  
Which thou extend'st to me,

Who brought me safely through this night,  
Another morn to see.

Blest be the hand which doth my life  
Support, from day to day ;  
Which keeps me safely from all harm,  
Through life's bewilder'd way.

Blest be the power which has my days  
Extended to this hour ;  
Which keeps me safe in health and strength,  
Also from grim Death's power.

Let all the earth in praises join,  
His love for to express ;  
And with exalted songs of joy,  
His name forever bless. Amen.

*A Thanksgiving for redeeming love.*

Come to the Lord, with one accord—  
Let all our voices join :  
We'll shout and sing to Christ our King,  
Most holy and divine.

He from on high, with pitying eye,  
Beheld our wretched state,  
And condescends to dwell with men,  
God's wrath to expiate.

His love unknown to sinners shown,  
His life for them was given—  
His blood was spilt to wash our guilt,  
And make us heirs of heaven.

Then let us join in hymns divine  
To celebrate his fame—  
From shore to shore, till time's no more,  
We'll praise his holy name.

Thus we'll proclaim his holy name—  
On him our help depends :—  
Our voice we'll raise, to bless and praise  
His holy name. Amen.

*In the time of temptation.*

**My God, look down on my distress—**

**In mercy lend an ear :**

**Behold my soul with grief oppress'd ;**

**For sore temptation's near.**

**Support my feeble members, Lord,**

**My foes for to withstand.**

**Cause them, O Lord, with one accord,**

**To stay their cursed hand :**

**Those foes that like a lion bold,**

**Go roaring through our coast ;**

**Ensnaring all, both young and old—**

**Then in their conquest boast.**

**Defend, O Lord, defend my soul**

**In this most trying hour.**

**Thy mercies are ever of old,**

**A keep from Satan's power.**

**Then shall my thankful soul express**

**Her grateful praise to thee—**

**Thy word, thy name forever bless—**

**The great Eternal Three.**

*A Saint's Resign.*

**O happy hour ! O blessed day !**

**Death comes to bid my soul away.**

**He comes with his unerring dart,**

**To pierce my waiting, willing heart :**

**To change my burden here below**

**For joys that never cease to flow**

**At the right hand of Christ my King ;**

**Where saints and angels join to sing**

**Praises to his redeeming love,**

**Who left his Father's seat above,**

**That I, through his reviving grace,**

**May see the glories of his face,**

**And be receiv'd into his rest,**

**And be with them forever blest.**

**Amen.**



*A Hymn of Praise.*

The two first verses taken from the 92d Psalm, Church version, a little altered. The remainder by the author.

How good and pleasant must it be  
To thank the Lord most high—  
With every morning's early dawn  
His name to magnify.

And of his constant truth each night,  
His goodness to relate ;  
And with repeated hymns of praise,  
The glad effects repeat.

Thus, through the business of the week,  
May each revolving day  
Find some small portion of our time  
Our vows to him to pay.

And when the Sabbath day shall come,  
The weekly jubilee,  
May we all to thy temple throng,  
And there bow on our knee.

There may we join, in sweet accord,  
To sing, and praise, and pray,  
Till the last summons from above  
Shall call our soul away.

Then may we mount above the sky,  
To join the heavenly throng ;  
And sing salvation to the Lamb,  
In an angelic song.

Halleluia, halleluia. Amen.

*In affliction.*

Come, O my soul, and humbly bow  
Before the mighty God ;  
And never murmur at his will,  
But kiss the chast'ning rod :

For he in mercy doth chastise  
The children of his care,  
To lead them to the throne of grace,  
Where all his saints appear.

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

49

*An Evening Hymn.*

O Lord of glory, hear my prayer,  
Which unto thee I make,  
And guard me safely through this night,  
For thy great goodness' sake.

Keep me, through the approaching week,  
From harm and danger free ;  
And let the life which thou preserv'st,  
Be spent in praise to thee.

Protected by thy heavenly care,  
I pass from day to day ;  
And through the terrors of each night  
My fainting soul doth stay.

Thus by my Saviour and my King,  
From week to week I pass,  
To see the wonders of thy love—  
Thy mercies ever last.

Thus through the trying scenes of life,  
O God, my soul preserve ;  
And teach my heart, from month to month,  
The God of love to serve.

Teach me, O Lord, from year to year,  
Thy praises to rehearse,  
And sing the praises of thy name  
In an angelic verse.

Thus let the life which thou, O Lord,  
Hast to thy servant lent,  
In grateful songs and hymns of love,  
Be to thy praises spent.

---

*A Hymn,*

Composed for the Female Humane Society of Elizabeth-Town, and  
sung in the Methodist Church, after the Charity Sermon, January,  
1818.

Now let us join with one accord,  
To praise the universal Lord ;  
Whose bounteous hand is open still,  
And doth with grain our garners fill.

And should he larger portions give,  
 May we with thankfulness receive  
 Those blessings, and our God adore,  
 And help the needy from our store.

Come then, and with a cheerful heart,  
 A portion to the poor impart :  
 For you have heard what Christ did say—  
 "The poor ye have with you alway."\*

And when in need of help they be,  
 You then can show your charity :  
 Then now your lib'ral hand extend,  
 And show yourselves these children's friend.

Come, listen to the Saviour's voice,  
 And make these children's hearts rejoice ;  
 For when in need they are of food,  
 Your lib'ral hand may do them good ;  
 And cheer the heart o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
 And bring to them a kind relief ;  
 And cause them, with a heart sincere,  
 To God to offer up their prayer—

That when on earth your time shall end,  
 The Saviour dear may be your friend ;  
 And for the alms you oft have given,  
 Give you the richest gift of heaven.

---

*A Hymn,*

Composed in May, 1818—to be sung the then ensuing season, when  
 the Charity Sermon should be preached in the Methodist Church,  
 for the benefit of the Female Humane Society.

Psalm cxxvi, 3—5.

Up to this sacred house once more  
 We bend our youthful feet,  
 And by our kind instructors led  
 Before God's mercy seat.

Who now for us great things hath done,  
 For which our hearts rejoice.

\* St. Mark xiv, 7.

O let us then begin to know  
 And make his ways our choice :  
 Who did our kind instructors move  
 For our distress to feel,  
 And fill'd our benefactors' breasts  
 With charity and zeal,  
 To guide us in the narrow path  
 Which leads from sin and woe,  
 And see with joy the pleasant way  
 In which we ought to go.  
 That as to riper years we grow,  
 We may, with steady care,  
 His sacred precepts learn to know,  
 And worship him with fear :  
 And join with you to celebrate  
 The great Jehovah's praise,  
 Who to the fallen sons of men  
 Hath shown his saving grace,  
 To bring us to his courts on high,  
 Above those earthly toys,  
 With joy to reap a rich reward  
 Of everlasting joys.

*To be sung after the Sermon.*

Psalm cxii, 1, 2, 5, 9.

Blest is the man that fears the Lord,  
 And takes delight in his sure word.  
 His seed on earth shall blessed be  
 With riches and prosperity :  
 Because he is the poor man's friend—  
 To some he gives—to others lends,  
 Thus he disperses quick relief,  
 To soothe the heart o'erwhelm'd with grief,  
 And cheer the needy in distress—  
 He shows his zeal and righteousness ;  
 Which doth remain forever sure  
 To all whose hearts and hands are pure.

## HYMNS FOR

*For the afflicted.*

Job, 19—21.

Afflictions spring not from the dust,  
Nor sorrow from the ground ;  
And yet how many pains and woes  
Are scatter'd thick around.

Then O, my friends, have pity now,  
And my affliction see ;  
For sorely hath the hand of God  
Assail'd and touched me.

My feeble frame with wonder view,  
And see how frail I be :  
Then let your sympathetic heart  
Some pity have for me.

For I go weary all the day,  
Under my heavy load ;  
For I am touch'd, and forc'd to bow  
Beneath the hand of God.

Yet he supports my tott'ring frame  
Along the thorny road,  
And will, in his appointed time,  
His needful aid afford,

To guide my erring footsteps right,  
And make my path more even ;  
That when my heart and flesh shall fail,  
My soul may rest in heaven.

*On Gloria in Excelsis.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

All glory be to God on high,  
And peace to men be given.  
We praise, we bless, we glorify  
The mighty God of heaven.

O Lord, the only Son of God,  
Jesus Christ begotten ;  
The Lamb of God, who shed his blood,  
That sins may be forgotten :

O thou who tak'st our sins away,  
Have mercy on us now,  
As we approach our vows to pay,  
And at thy altar bow.

O thou that sitst at God's right hand,  
In majesty above,  
Thy Holy Spirit now command  
To fill our hearts with love :

For thou, O Christ, most holy art ;  
Thou only Lord most high :  
And thou, O Father, now impart  
Fresh blessings from the sky.

Send down on us the Holy Ghost,  
According to thy word ;  
That we, with the celestial host,  
May glorify the Lord.

Halleluia, hal. hal. Amen.



## Miscellaneous Poems.



### *A Death Warrant.*

DEATH.

HEAR me, O man, thou lump of clay—  
I've come to bid your soul away.  
Your time is come—you now must die,  
And sink into eternity.

MAN.

O wretched man, and must I go,  
And leave this world of pleasure so?  
Sure it's a dream—it can't be true.  
Death, must I go along with you?

DEATH.

Yes, it is true—for you I'm sent;  
My dart is fix'd—my bow is bent.  
Therefore prepare to meet thy doom—  
Among the dead you'll number soon.  
My orders all must be obey'd—  
Your mortal tribute must be paid.

MAN.

Oh cruel Death, be not severe—  
Pray let me live another year:  
For I am not prepar'd to go—  
Therefore on me some pity show;  
And let me here more good days see;  
And then I'll something think on thee:  
But now you take me unprepar'd:  
O to my state have some regard.

DEATH.

In vain, O Man, you plead with me.  
How many good days would you see?

E



Have you not had many a score?  
 And would you have as many more,  
 To spend in vain, and then regret  
 Your awful and your undone state?  
 Could you obtain some length of days,  
 You'd still go on in sinful ways.  
 Therefore I'll not grant you an hour:  
 'Then be prepar'd, whilst in your power.

MAN.

How sad my case—what shall I do,  
 Or whither shall I turn me to?  
 Death comes, with his unerring dart,  
 To pierce my weak, my trembling heart.  
 No mercy he on me will show;  
 But I am now constrain'd to go  
 To meet my Judge, and by him be  
 Sentenc'd to bliss or misery.  
 O let the former lot be mine,  
 That I in heaven with him may shine.  
 Stop, all ye poor, ye proud and great—  
 Behold the frailty of your state.  
 However rob'd or garb'd you be,  
 You equally must lay with me,  
 Till the last trumpet's dreadful sound  
 Shall rend the sky and shake the ground,  
 Then every tenant of the grave  
 Shall rise to hear their sentence giv'd.

“And Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast out all them that sold and bought.

“And said unto them, it is written; my house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.”

Matt. xxi, 12, 13.

Hear, O ye sons of men, and ye,  
 Daughters of Adam, hear—  
 How Christ complaineth of the Jews,  
 Who don't his house revere.

And is not this the case e'en now,  
 Among the modern race,  
 Who meet at his most holy house,  
 Themselves thus to disgrace?

Do they not come enrich'd with gems,  
 To show their pompous state;  
 And strive each other to outdo,  
 In what the world calls great?

And when at God's most sacred court,  
 You see them seated round,  
 Your eyes their vanity behold—  
 Your ears their whispers wound.

Then hath not Christ's disciples now  
 Great reason to complain,  
 If you go on in your career,  
 God's house thus to profane?

If you don't buy nor sell therein,  
 Perhaps your crime's as bad.  
 Then cease, my friends, to wound your souls,  
 But strive to make saints glad.

That you with them, in the great day,  
 May join your voice and sing  
 Salvation to our Saviour, Christ,  
 And God, our conquering King.

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Taken from the 94th Psalm, the four first and four last verses.

O Lord my God, espouse my cause  
 Against my hateful foes:  
 Take vengeance on those wicked men  
 Who have against me rose.

Arise, thou Judge of all the world—  
 Reward their haughty pride.  
 Let their deservings ever on  
 Their wicked selves abide.

O Lord, how long shall wicked men  
 Triumph—how long shall they?  
 With wicked boasting o'er the poor  
 They make not long delay.

Wilt thou, O Lord, regard this band,  
 Who mischief still invent?

And as a law they study it—  
On wickedness they're bent.

Against the soul of innocence  
With craft do they conspire;  
And never from a bloody act  
Would they wish to retire.

But in the Lord I'll put my trust—  
My refuge he shall be:  
My God he is, my strength and hope,  
And he shall set me free.

He shall reward their wickedness,  
And let me see with joy,  
Their malice fall on their own pates—  
My God shall them destroy.

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Galatians iii, 13.

Sinner, behold, look up, and see  
A bleeding sacrifice—  
Jesus is made a curse for thee,  
And on Mount Calvary dies.

Redemption there he fully paid,  
Upon the cursed tree;  
As he for us a curse was made,  
To set the captive free.

The captive, bound with sin and guilt,  
And doom'd to endless pain,  
Christ's precious blood was freely spilt,  
His pardon to obtain.

Then raise your hearts, and raise your voice  
To this victorious King;  
And in his name let all rejoice,  
And to him praises sing.

All glory to the dying Lamb,  
Who hung upon the tree—  
To the great God, the great I AM,  
And co-eternal Three.

Isaiah, 12th chapter.

In the great day people shall say,  
O Lord, thy name we'll praise ;  
Because we know thy anger's slow—  
Thy mercy flows apace.

Therefore will I on God rely,  
Who is my strength and power.  
My strength and King therefore I'll sing—  
Jehovah is my tower.

Therefore with joy your strength employ  
To draw the sacred spring,  
Or well, which yields water that heals,  
And true salvation brings.

Awake, awake, ye sons of men, and see  
How short is life—how long eternity !  
And then reflect on death, and you will know,  
Ere long you must to the dread mansions go.  
Go, did I say ? Alas, yes, go you must,  
And be return'd unto your native dust.  
Your body here, in the cold earth, must lay ;  
Whilst your dear soul doth fly another way,  
Up to the realms of light above the sky,  
Or sink to hell, in torments there to lie.  
Oh, wretched thought ! Oh, most alarming case !  
Can it be true ? or is there such a place,  
Prepar'd for sinners who their time have spent  
In bubble, rapine, and will not repent ?  
The truth of this, alas, you soon may find,  
When in the dread abyss you are confin'd—  
There for to mourn, to languish, and lament  
The many precious hours and days you spent.  
Then be advis'd, and in due time prepare  
To meet your doom, and with the saints to share  
A happy portion, and a joyful crown,  
Where joy and pleasure without end abound.

*Jacob's Ladder.*

Genesis xxviii, 12.

This surely is the house of God—  
 The gate that leads to his abode.  
 Come, Zion's pilgrims, come and see  
 A ladder, rais'd for you and me,

On sure foundation here doth stand—  
 The top doth reach to Canaan's land.  
 Then, needy sinners, come and view  
 This ladder, rais'd for me and you.

Then let us all endeavour still  
 To climb this steep to Zion's hill;  
 Which all the saints before have trod,  
 To meet their Saviour and their God.

Then why should we so long delay  
 To tread this straight and narrow way,  
 That leads us to his heavenly rest,  
 To be with saints and angels blest?

*God is love.*

1 John iv, 8, 16.

Behold, behold the King of kings  
 From heaven to man salvation brings:  
 He left his shining seat above,  
 To show lost man that God is love.

Love through eternal councils ran,  
 And flow'd in purple streams to man,  
 Through the Redeemer's pierced side,  
 When on Mount Calvary he died.

Stupendous love! who can account  
 The height, the depth, the vast amount?  
 No mortal skill, or angel's tongue,  
 Can show the breadth, or count the sum.

This love of God to us is shown,  
 Which we believe, have felt and known.  
 Then let us strive to emulate  
 This love of God, which is so great.

Taken from the 25th Psalm.

O Lord, to thee, in deep distress—  
To thee I lift my soul.

My God, in thee I put my trust—  
Thy mercies are of old.

Remember not my sins, O Lord,  
Which in my youth transgress'd ;  
But of thy mercy blot them out,  
And lead me to thy rest.

And for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,  
Iniquity forgive.  
What man is he who fears thy name,  
But thou wilt teach to live.

His soul shall ever dwell at ease—  
His seed thy name shall bless ;  
And he who fears the Lord betimes,  
Shall have eternal rest.

My soul is waiting on the Lord ;  
For he my help shall be.  
When I'm by troubles compass'd round,  
'Tis he shall set me free.

Then turn thou unto me, O Lord,  
In my afflicted state.  
Have mercy, and some pity show ;  
For I am desolate.

The troubles of my heart are great—  
My soul is sore oppress'd.  
Then bring thou me, O God of grace,  
Out of my deep distress.

On my afflictions and my pain,  
O Lord, look from above.  
Forgive my sins, and hear my praise,  
Thou God of truth and love.

O keep my darling soul from hell—  
From death deliver me :  
Nor ever let me be ashamed  
To bow myself to thee.

*Reflections on Death and Eternity,*

Oh all ye sons of men, and ye,  
Daughters of women, fair,  
Come, view my body rack'd with pain,  
And shed for me a tear.

Behold my sad, my awful state,  
Upon this bed of wo.  
My spirit sinks, my flesh consumes,  
And I must shortly go.

Go, did I say? Alas, alas!  
And whither must I go?  
Up to the Lord that dwells on high,  
Or sink to hell below.

Must I be dragg'd the downward road?  
Must I be bound in chains?  
And must I lay among the damn'd,  
In never-ending pains?

Oh, how alarming is my case!  
I'm summon'd now to die—  
My sins all staring in my face—  
But yet to God I'll cry.

I'll plead his mercy and his love,  
In this most trying hour.  
What though my sins are very great—  
Yet greater is his power.

Therefore on his almighty arm  
For help I will depend;  
And plead his love, and trust his word,  
That he's the sinner's friend;

And that he will his grace afford,  
To ease my troubled breast;  
And hear him whisper to my soul,  
Come to your Saviour's rest.

And hear him say Come, sinner, come—  
Your sins are all forgiven;  
And by the purchase of my death,  
You are made heir of heaven.

John viii, 3—12.

When first the Saviour did appear,  
To bless the human race,  
His enemies, with one accord,  
Strove him thus to disgrace :

Can any good thing from the land  
Of Galilee proceed ?  
Or can there there a prophet rise  
To do a virtuous deed ?

Then, for to tempt the Saviour, they  
A woman did accuse  
Of being an adulteress,  
Who liv'd amongst the Jews.

But he, as though he heard them not,  
Stoop'd and wrote upon the ground,  
Although their clamours were so great,  
No fault with her he found.

And rising up, to them he said,  
He that is without sin,  
And hath this accusation made,  
To stone her now begin.

Then stooping down again, they fled,  
And left her there alone.  
Go, sin no more, the Saviour said—  
Your accusers are all gone.

---

Come all ye sons of men, whose pulse beats high,  
And be assur'd that you are born to die,  
And be arraign'd at the great judgment day,  
Before your God, the Judge, who will display

Justice and mercy to the sons of men :  
Some he'll reward, and others he'll condemn.  
Then let me now exhort you to be wise ;  
For now's the time you may secure the prize.

For while the lamp of life holds out to burn,  
The chief of sinners may again return :  
For now's the time which God to men hath given  
To flee from hell, and make their peace with heaven.



Genesis xxviii, 17.—Isaiah xlv, 22, 23.

How dreadful is this sacred place !  
It is the house of God.  
Come then, and bow before his face,  
And spread his name abroad.

Jehovah, God, the great I AM,  
Hath shown to us his will ;  
And shall a worm, a sinful man,  
Remain rebellious still ?

Ye who profess the Saviour's name,  
And in his courts appear,  
Hear what he did aloud proclaim,  
And then his wrath you'll fear.

Fear to offend the mighty God,  
Who, from his lofty throne,  
Makes hills to tremble at his nod,  
And throws the mountains down :

Who by himself hath sworn that all  
On earth, or heaven above,  
Upon their bended knees shall fall,  
And own that God is love.

"In whom we have redemption, through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."  
Colossians i, 14.

O wond'rous grace ! O boundless love !  
The Son of God was given  
A ransom for a ruin'd race,  
To bring them home to heaven.

Redemption he hath fully paid,  
With his atoning blood ;  
And, through the riches of his grace,  
Hath brought us near to God ;

Where the vile sinner may appear  
Before his mercy seat,  
And humbly plead the sacrifice  
At his Redeemer's feet.

Come then, ye weary, sin-sick souls,  
And bow before his throne ;  
For he will never cast you off,  
If you his ways will own.

O then, before it be too late,  
Make this your happy choice ;  
That you may see your Saviour's face,  
And with his saints rejoice.

For by the Saviour's precious blood,  
Our sins are all forgiven ;  
And we are reconcil'd to God,  
And made the heirs of heaven.

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*Heaven.*

Arise, my soul, by faith and see  
A heaven above the sky ;  
Where all the saints are gather'd home,  
After in Christ they die.

Then why, O why so long delay  
To tread the blissful road,  
Which leads us to our happy home,  
To dwell with Christ in God ?

With God the Father, and the Son,  
Before his mercy seat ;  
Where all our songs will be but one,  
And all our joys complete.

For here our most unbounded hopes  
Are swallow'd up in sight ;  
And here before the throne of God,  
We see refulgent light,

Which doth the holy city fill  
With glory from the Lamb ;  
Who is the everlasting light  
Of New Jerusalem :

Whose temple is the mighty God  
That fills unbounded space ;

Where saints and angels cast their crowns,  
And bow before his face\*—

To worship him who fills the throne,  
And lives forevermore;  
For he is worthy to receive  
All glory, honour, power.

*An Acrostic on General Washington.*

Written February 20, 1780.

To the great name of this patriot we owe  
Our grateful thanks, which freedom can bestow.

GUarded by him, and his Deliverer,† we  
GEver will spurn the British tyranny.  
OUR great guardian, this man, so wise, shall rule,  
GEorge our cause; likewise, defeat the fool.‡  
GIVE him the honour; for to him is due  
ETernal praise, and admiration too.

WAs he not rais'd our cause for to maintain,  
SHould the cursed tyrant, who would fain  
WAS subdue the land wherein we did live free?  
HE was mistaken; for he now doth see  
SHouldnumerable hosts, which take the field,  
SHouldimply march on; and soon we'll make them yield,  
SHouldive up the strife with shame, and force to bow  
SHouldto this great patron of our country now.  
SHouldon him our welfare's put—then let him reign;  
SHouldNor will he leave our country more in pain.

ESver he'll seek her grievance to redress,  
ESuch is his care, such is his godliness.  
ESquick as he saw his country full of grief,  
ESp then he flies and hastes to her relief.  
ESnspir'd by virtue, thus he guides his ways.  
ESouse then, Americans, and give God praise—  
EShouldxalt his name, since he this man did raise.

\* Rev. xxi, 22.

† God.

‡ King George III.

*Creation.*

Genesis, part of the 1st and 3d chapters.

When chaos fill'd the vast expanse  
Of universal space,  
The great Supreme did reign on high,  
Before the angels' face.

Where he devis'd the wond'rous plan,  
This pond'rous sphere to frame;  
And of the dust made feeble man,  
O'er all his works to reign.

But soon degenerate man rebell'd  
Against his maker, God;  
And soon from Eden was expell'd  
By his chastising rod,

To till the ground from which he came,  
In sorrow, care and wo;  
For dust thou art, and soon again  
Unto the dust must go.

This was the firm and just decree  
From God to sinful dust,  
That they may learn to know and see  
He is their only trust.

When wretched man did thus rebel,  
He was expos'd to death and hell;  
But God again, in councils wise,  
A nobler plan did then devise,

For to redeem a guilty race,  
Who dare offend the God of grace:  
For Mercy cried, Father forgive,  
And let the guilty sinner live.

And, lo, the Son did intercede  
That man from Satan might be freed;  
And said I'll leave my seat on high,  
To save the souls condemn'd to die:

F

For, lo, I come to do thy will,  
And all thy righteous laws fulfil,  
That all the sons of men may see  
That sure salvation flows from me.

---

Wonders on wonders rise  
Upon our ravish'd sight,  
That God the Son should leave the skies  
To suffer shame and spite.

For sinners to atone,  
And set the captive free,  
He left his Father's shining throne,  
To suffer shame for me.

For me, alas, for me,  
And many millions more,  
He came to suffer on the tree,  
Lost sinners to restore,  
And bring them home to God,  
Before his throne above,  
To prove the merit of his blood,  
And taste redeeming love.

---

Daniel ix, 24.

Now the prophetic weeks,  
By sages long foretold,  
Did usher in the Saviour meek,  
And mysteries unfold,  
Which long had been kept seal'd,  
Till the full time should come,  
That God to man should now reveal  
His own anointed Son;  
Cloth'd with humanity,  
The weight of sin to feel,  
And bear our own infirmity,  
That he our woes might heal:  
For us did undertake  
To bear our sins away;

And reconciliation make,  
 To open us the way  
 That leads to joys above,  
 To dwell with Christ in God,  
 And taste, and feel, and know his love,  
 So richly shed abroad.

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*Door to Heaven.*

St. John x, 9.

I am the only Door ;  
 And if you come to me,  
 My aid for to implore,  
 I soon will make you free ;  
 Where you in pastures green may go,  
 And my protection fully know.

Then come, and enter in,  
 Where you may safely feed,  
 In pastures ever green,  
 Which will supply your need ;  
 And shall be safe, from danger free,  
 If you repose your trust on me.

This pasture is most free ;  
 And all that will may come,  
 And enter in by me—  
 For all there yet is room :  
 For I your faithful Shepherd be,  
 And will from danger keep you free. . .

I am the only Door,  
 And open wide to all ;  
 And will, forevermore,  
 Receive all that will call ;  
 And lead them forth in pastures green,  
 Which mortal eye hath never seen.

*The Good Shepherd.*

John x, 14.

I am the Shepherd wise—  
 My sheep I fully know ;  
 And do them highly prize,  
 Because with me they go :  
 And I, their Shepherd, will them lead  
 In pastures green, where they may feed.

My sheep will follow me,  
 Whene'er they hear my voice ;  
 But will from strangers flee,  
 Whose call's a chattering noise :  
 But I their faithful Shepherd be,  
 And will from danger keep them free.

I will them safely lead  
 In pastures fresh and fair ;  
 And will supply their need  
 With constant love and care :  
 For I will still their Shepherd be,  
 As long as they will follow me.

Then to this Shepherd come,  
 And never from him stray ;  
 For he will bring you home  
 To everlasting day :  
 Where you may with your Shepherd be  
 Throughout a vast eternity.

Job—part of the 1st and 2d chapters.

Job, when with dire afflictions press'd,  
 By Satan sorely tried,  
 Did to his firm integrity  
 With constant zeal abide.

Distress and anguish fill'd his heart,  
 And he in sackcloth lay.  
 To see his wealth and children all  
 By besom swept away.

His wife then did unto him speak,  
 And said Curse God, and die ;  
 For why should you another day  
 In sore affliction lie ?

Forbear, forbear, woman, he said,  
 And try to see and know  
 That all the ill or good we feel  
 Doth from his bounty flow.

Naked, I, from my mother's womb,  
 Came by his wise decree ;  
 And naked, to the silent tomb  
 I soon shall hurried be.

O may I then, with perfect Job,  
 All earthly cares resign ;  
 That when the Saviour calls me home,  
 I may with angels shine.

---

Psalm xxxvi, 8, 9.

The plenty of God's blissful house  
 Doth cheer and satisfy.  
 All that attend his sacred courts,  
 May have a full supply

Of drink that from the rivers flow  
 At Zion's holy hill ;  
 Which will refresh the weary soul  
 Who tries for to fulfil

The sacred precepts of the Lord,  
 And in his law delight—  
 To understand his holy word,  
 And meditate by night

On all the wonders God hath wrought  
 To save our souls from hell ;  
 And how the Saviour came to bring  
 Us to salvation's well—

F 2



Where we the light of life may see,  
And taste redeeming love—  
Where we may with the Saviour be,  
Before his throne above.

---

O come and see salvation free ;  
For all that will may come,  
And it receive, if they believe  
On God's anointed Son :

Who from above, to show his love  
For sinners here below,  
Did condescend to dwell with men,  
His boundless love to show

To you and me, that we may see  
The wonders of his love ;  
Who to redeem our souls from sin,  
Descended from above.

He for our good a surety stood,  
That we might be forgiven ;  
And freely paid the debt we made,  
To bring us up to heaven :

Did here below in sorrow go,  
With sore temptation press'd,  
That we might be from sin set free,  
And gain eternal rest.

On Calvary, for you and me,  
He suffer'd, bled and died :  
A purple flood of precious blood  
Flow'd from his pierced side.

To wash our guilt, 'twas freely spilt  
On that accursed tree ;  
To purge our sin, and make us clean,  
That we his face may see

In heaven above, to prove his love,  
Who conquer'd death and hell,  
To set us free from misery,  
His boundless love to tell—

In songs of praise our voice to raise,  
 And shout salvation free  
 To Adam's race, through sovereign grace,  
 To all eternity.

---

Romans xii, 1.

Brethren in Christ, I you beseech  
 To listen to the word I preach ;  
 Which flows from charity and love,  
 To bring you home to God above :

That you may there accepted be,  
 Where you the Saviour's face may see,  
 A living sacrifice to make,  
 And of his mercy to partake :

That for your service here below,  
 God may upon your soul bestow  
 A rich reward of life divine,  
 That you may with the angels shine

In heaven above, before his face,  
 And with the saints to have a place  
 At the right hand of God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love :

Who, by his all-sustaining care,  
 Hath kept you safe from year to year ;  
 And still from harm will safely guide  
 All those who in his laws abide :

And never will his own forsake,  
 Who his commands their practice make—  
 Who with a firm and constant care  
 Of sacred love and holy fear,

Do try his precepts to fulfil,  
 Shall mount with joy to Zion's hill—  
 With rapture there shall then behold  
 The streets all pav'd with shining gold.

John vii, 37.

In the great day did Jesus say,  
If any man is dry,  
Or thirsty be, and comes to me,  
I will his thirst supply

From streams that glide, in a full tide,  
From heaven to man below;  
To let them see salvation free,  
If to this stream they go;

Where they may drink upon the brink  
Of the celestial well;  
And then with joy that ne'er will cloy,  
It's wondrous virtues tell.

Then let us all, both great and small,  
Those waters try to gain;  
That we may prove Christ's boundless love,  
And ever with him reign,

With God on high, above the sky,  
And there forever dwell;  
To taste and see those waters free  
Spring from salvation's well:

And there abide, close by the side  
Of Christ, our sovereign King,  
To join the lays of endless praise,  
His matchless grace to sing.

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*On a proposition to build a church for people of colour.*

Come, all who love the ways  
Of virtue, truth and grace,  
And now your help and aid afford  
To Afric's sable race:

Who your assistance claim  
To help them on the road—  
The road that leads from sin and wo  
To happiness and God.

That they, with sacred zeal,  
 May now a temple raise;  
 Where they with zeal may offer up  
 To God their prayer and praise.

That they with you may share  
 The tokens of his love;  
 And with an humble, fervent heart,  
 Up to his temple move.

Where they, with humble awe,  
 May bow before his face,  
 And pray that God would bless and save  
 Their whole apostate race.

That they with joy may hear  
 The gospel's sacred word;  
 And with a fervent, upright heart,  
 Join to adore the Lord:

Whose boundless love to all  
 The sons of men is free;  
 And hath ordain'd, by his free grace,  
 His saints shall with him be.

To Ethiopia's sons  
 The offer'd grace is given;  
 And all who try it to embrace,  
 Are made the heirs of heaven.

The Holy Scriptures plainly show  
 There is a place of bliss and wo;  
 Where, after death, the soul must dwell  
 In heavenly joy, or dismal hell

Of endless pain and keen despair,  
 To dwell a long forever where  
 The worm of sin can never die,  
 And flaming wrath around will fly.

Can thought conceive, or tongue express  
 The horrors of that dread abyss,  
 To which the rebel angels fell—  
 A fearful, everlasting hell?

O could the thoughtless sinners see  
That this, ere long, their lot must be—  
That they must shortly go to dwell  
With devils, in a flaming hell?—

Would they go on, as now they do,  
In the broad way that leads to wo?  
And not reflect there is a hell,  
Whose flames into an ocean swell,

To overwhelm a sinful race,  
That spurn the ways of truth and grace;  
And dare against the Lord rebel,  
Who died to save their souls from hell?

O God of glory, let us see,  
And shun the ways that lead from thee—  
The way that leads to death and hell,  
That we with thee may ever dwell,

To praise the riches of thy grace,  
And humbly bow before thy face;  
To join the hosts above, and tell  
How Jesus sav'd our souls from hell.

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*Conception of the Saviour.*

St. Luke i, 46, &c.

When Jesus was conceiv'd,  
The blessed Virgin sang  
A hymn of grateful praise to God,  
For what he had began :

My soul doth magnify  
The Lord with cheerful voice ;  
For to his handmaid he is nigh,  
To make her heart rejoice.

For he my low estate  
With favour did regard ;  
For now behold his mercy great,  
The lowly to reward.

He mercy shows to me ;  
 And by his mighty arm,  
 Exalts the meek of low degree,  
 To save them from all harm.

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*The Saviour's Birth.*

St. Luke ii, 1, &c.

About this time a tax was made,  
 By Cæsar's stern decree :  
 Through all the world it must be laid ;  
 For none exempt could be.

And Joseph being David's seed,  
 To Judea he must go ;  
 There to fulfil what was decreed,  
 His loyalty to show.

Thus he was zealous to fulfil  
 The laws of God and man ;  
 For God to him made known his will,  
 As Father of the Lamb.

While there the Saviour, Christ, was born,  
 And in a manger laid ;  
 Where saints and angels view'd his form,  
 And to him homage paid.

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*Circumcision.*

St. Luke ii, 21.

At eight days old he did begin  
 The law for to fulfil ;  
 And in the flesh, suffering for sin,  
 His infant blood did spill :

For by the circumcising blade,  
 By Jewish Rabbies us'd,  
 A wound was in his foreskin made,  
 From which the blood diffus'd.

When to the temple he was brought,  
 Old Simcon came in :  
 He took the Child up in his arms,  
 And thus he did begin :

Lord, let thy servant now depart,  
 According to thy word ;  
 For now, behold, my eyes have seen  
 My Saviour and my Lord :

Who is preferr'd before the face  
 Of all who dwell below—  
 A light to all the Gentile race,  
 And Israel's glory too.

May we, with Simeon, receive  
 The Saviour to our breast ;  
 And mount above the sky, to share  
 His everlasting rest.

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*Christ in the Temple with the Doctors.*

St. Luke ii, 41, &c.

Now to Jerusalem,  
 His parents they must go,  
 The Passover to keep,  
 Because the law was so :  
 At twelve years old, for to fulfil  
 His Father's law and holy will.

And did begin to show  
 He was the promis'd seed ;  
 And let the doctors know  
 That he their law could read.  
 Astonish'd priests and doctors stand,  
 To see what he did understand :

And observations make  
 About their rights and laws :  
 And dar'd to undertake  
 For to espouse the cause.  
 But all he did was to fulfil  
 His Father's law and righteous will.

O let us then attend  
 To what he did below,  
 Who is the sinner's friend,  
 That we his love may know;  
 And here may do his holy will,  
 And try his precepts to fulfil.

*Christ's Baptism.*

St. Luke iii, 8—16, 21, 22.

For to prepare the Saviour's way,  
 A messenger was sent;  
 Who preach'd the gospel day by day,  
 That men should all repent:

Thus said one mightier than I,  
 The latchet of whose shoes  
 I am not worthy to untie,  
 Or from his feet to loose.

When all the people were baptis'd,  
 Behold the Saviour came  
 To John, who lifted up his eyes,  
 And said, Behold the Lamb—

The Lamb of God, his only Son,  
 Descended from the skies,  
 For to fulfil all righteousness,  
 By John must be baptis'd.

When lo! the Spirit he did see  
 Descending from above;  
 And heard a voice, which said to me,  
 This is the Son I love.

O that we could the Son embrace  
 By faith and perfect love;  
 That we may see his lovely face,  
 Before his throne above.

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*Christ's Fasting and Temptation.*

St. Luke iv, 1—14.

He to the wilderness was led,  
And fasted forty days from bread:  
Where Satan met him, fill'd with rage,  
And did the Saviour there engage

By sore temptations, and thus said:  
Command these stones to be made bread.  
But Jesus said, it's fully known  
That man can't live by bread alone;  
But by the word of God, which flows  
From him to overwhelm his foes,  
And fill their souls with sore dismay,  
Who must in utter darkness lay.

Again the tempter did draw nigh,  
And took him to a mountain high,  
And, in a moment's time, did show  
All kingdoms, and their glory too:

And said, all this I'll give to thee,  
If thou wilt only worship me.

But Jesus answering, said to him,  
Get thee behind me, sire of sin.

Again he tried his subtle power,  
The promis'd seed for to devour;  
And took him to the temple high,  
Another fatal scheme to try.

And said, if now God's Son you be,  
Cast thyself down, and let me see  
If in his hand he will thee bear,  
Lest on a stone thy foot should snare.

When Jesus answering, said to him,  
'Thou shalt not tempt thy Lord to sin.  
Who did from him then go away,  
And for a season now did stay.

Oh come, and now your danger see,  
And from the cursed tempter flee;

Who goes about for to destroy  
Your present peace and future joy.

Come then to Jesus, come away,  
And then the tempter soon will stay ;  
For he hath conquer'd death and hell,  
That we may with him ever dwell.

*Charity Hymn.*

How happy they who heavenly joys  
In Christ, the Lord, obtain.  
The world to them, its pomp and noise,  
Riches and cares are vain.

Bless'd with a sympathetic heart,  
They feel for human wo ;  
And, eager to allay the smart,  
Their watchful care bestow.

The helpless supplicate their aid,  
Nor supplicate in vain.  
They bid the grief-worn heart be glad—  
They mitigate its pain.

The orphans' and the widows' cause  
Their ready aid receive.  
This love their heart, their hand employs—  
They counsel and relieve.

'Tis mercy, love, almighty grace,  
That thus dispose the mind ;  
And thus our Saviour, Christ, displays  
His love to human kind.

'Tis deeds of charity and worth  
The helpless orphans rear ;  
Support them in their wayward path,  
And dry the widow's tear.

May He who hears the orphan's cry,  
Our benefactors bless ;  
And grant to them a rich supply  
Of every Christian grace.

*To a Friend, on her marriage.*

Let not my friend, though now a wife,  
 Bid all her cares adieu :  
 Comforts there ~~are~~ in married life—  
 And there are crosses too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth  
 With an ungrateful sound :  
 But know that perfect bliss on earth  
 No mortal ever found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great :  
 May God these hopes fulfil.  
 Yet you will find in every state  
 Some difficulty still.

The rites which lately join'd your hands,  
 Cannot insure content.  
 Religion forms the strongest bands,  
 And love the best cement.

But yet God's daily blessing crave ;  
 Nor trust your youthful heart.  
 You must divine assistance have,  
 To act a prudent part.

Though you have left a parent's wing,  
 Still longer ask its care.  
 It is but seldom husbands bring  
 A lighter yoke to wear.

They have their humours and their faults ;  
 So mutable is man.  
 Excuse his follies in your thoughts,  
 And hide them if you can.

No anger or resentment keep,  
 Whatever is amiss.  
 Be reconcil'd before you sleep,  
 And seal it with a kiss.

*M'Donough's Victory.*

Sept. 11, 1814.

O freemen, raise a joyous strain—  
Aloft the eagle towers.  
We've met the enemy again—  
Again have made them ours.

Champlain, the cannon's thund'ring voice  
Proclaim thy waters free—  
The forest-waving hills rejoice,  
And echo Victory!

The striped flag upon thy wave  
Triumphantly appears;  
And to invested landmen brave  
A star of promise bears.

Now to the world Fame's trumpet sounds  
The deed with new applause;  
While from a conquer'd fleet resounds  
Our seamen's loud huzzas.

Britannia! round thy haggard brows  
Bind bitter wormwood still:  
For, lo, again thy standard bows  
To valiant yankee skill.

But O what chaplet can be found  
M'Donough's brows to grace?  
'Tis done! the glorious wreath is bound,  
Which time can ne'er efface.

And still a just, a rich reward  
His country has to give:  
He shall be first in her regard,  
And with her Perry live.

Columbia, though thy cannon's roar  
On inland seas prevail,  
And there alone, while round each shore  
Outnumb'ring ships assail;

Yet deed with deed, and name with name,  
 Thy gallant sons shall blend,  
 Till the bright arch of naval fame  
 O'er the broad ocean bend.

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*Advice to Youth.*

Ye young and giddy youth,  
 Come now, and fear the Lord;  
 And learn to know the truth,  
 In his most holy word:  
 Which is the only guide  
 And pilot, day by day:  
 Lest you should step aside,  
 And lose the narrow way,  
 That leads to peace and joy,  
 Above the azure sky;  
 Where sin can ne'er destroy  
 The souls that thither fly,  
 For safety, to the Lamb,  
 Who sits upon the throne  
 Of God, at his right hand;  
 And doth his power make known  
 To all who dwell below,  
 And all the hosts above;  
 Where he to them doth show  
 His everlasting love.

---

*Charity Hymn.*

Sharp are the ills which man infest:  
 See sickness, poverty and death,  
 Disturb the weary traveller's rest,  
 And snatch at last his fleeting breath.  
 But Charity, celestial maid,  
 Descends with blessings from on high:  
 She speaks—the scourge of woe is staid,  
 And songs of praise salute the sky.

Where she extends her genial sway,  
 Few marks of wretchedness remain.  
 The widow's tears are wip'd away,  
 And sooth'd the needy orphan's pain.

Her sweet commands your hearts employ—  
 Your lib'ral hands their off'rings bring;  
 And cause our breasts to swell with joy—  
 Our tongues in grateful strains to sing.

Great God, whose boundless love we know,  
 Thou view'st with joy a scene like this:  
 Reward these friends of human wo  
 With temporal and eternal bliss.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
 Be glory, as it was of old,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

Halleluia.

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Matthew viii, 2, 3.

The leprosy of sin  
 Doth putrefy the heart;  
 And makes it all unclean,  
 And from the Lord depart.

But if by grace you see  
 The leprosy within,  
 And to the Saviour flee,  
 He soon will make you clean,

By putting forth his hand,  
 To touch your spotted soul;  
 Which will, at his command,  
 Both cleanse and make you whole.

Come then, to Jesus come,  
 And worship at his feet;  
 That so you may become  
 Worthy the saints to meet

Before the throne of grace,  
 To worship and adore  
 The Saviour, face to face,  
 And praise him evermore :

In songs of everlasting joy,  
 Your ransom'd soul and tongue employ.

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Mountains of sin obstruct the way  
 That leads to Zion's hill;  
 But Christ can take them all away,  
 And be our pilot still.

For he's a sure, unerring guide,  
 To all who come to him;  
 And will in no wise cast them off,  
 If they forsake their sin.

Why then should we so long delay  
 To leave the downward road,  
 That leads from Christ, the only way  
 To happiness and God.

Come then, and trust on his sure word,  
 And you shall shortly see  
 His mighty arm will help afford  
 Through life's tempestuous sea;  
 And guide our little bark aright,  
 That we may reach the shore  
 Where saints and angels all unite  
 The God-man to adore.

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*A Hymn on Death.*

Death, with an unrelenting sway,  
 Points his unerring dart:  
 No mortal arm his hand can stay,  
 Or shield the human heart.

He, like an overflowing stream,  
 Sweeps o'er the fertile plain,  
 And cuts us off—our life's a dream,  
 Which ne'er returns again.

But to the prison of the tomb,  
Our mould'ring bodies go,  
To wait their everlasting doom  
Of endless bliss or wo.

Then now, before his icy hand  
Shall chill your vital blood,  
Prepare to meet the heavenly band,  
Before the throne of God :

That when the tyrant Death shall come,  
To summon you away,  
And call you to your final home,  
You may with triumph say,

Come, thou grim tyrant, and remove  
My happy soul to rest ;  
That I my Saviour's love may prove,  
And lean upon his breast.

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*Judgment Hymn.*

Revelation x, 1, 3, &c.

Behold with awe and solemn dread,  
A rainbow round an angel's head—  
His face as shining as the sun—  
His feet with fiery pillars hung.

Upon the sea and on the land,  
Behold this mighty angel stand ;  
Who, with a voice like lion's roar,  
Doth swear that time shall be no more.

This awful day is drawing near,  
When all the quick and dead must hear  
The trump of God like thunder roll,  
And shake the earth from pole to pole.

The solid rock and marble breaks,  
And earth to its foundation quakes ;  
Which fills the world with solemn dread,  
While earth and sea give up their dead.



From east to west, from south to north,  
All tribes and nations must come forth,  
And stand before the Son of man,  
At the tribunal of the Lamb.

Who then will to the righteous say,  
Come, come, ye blessed, come away,  
Up to the realms of light above,  
And share the purchase of my love.

But O what keen and sore dismay  
Will fright the wicked at that day,  
To hear their Judge say, Sinner, go  
Down to the shades of endless woe!













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